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*Peter Gibson*



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In Memoriam.

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Peter Gibson.

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March 22, 1884

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“Why weep for him, who, having won

The bound of man's appointed years, at last—

Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done—

Serenely to his final rest has passed ;

While the soft memory of his virtues yet

Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set.”

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# SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS,

—READ AT—

## FUNERAL SERVICES,

—BY—

REV. A. GIFFORD WYLIE, His Pastor.

JOB XIV, 1-14.

Man *that is* born of a woman *is* of few days, and full of trouble.  
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also  
as a shadow, and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such a one, and bringest me  
into judgment with thee ?

Who can bring a clean *thing* out of an unclean ? not one.

Seeing his days *are* determined, the number of his months *are*  
with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he can not pass ;

Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as a  
hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout  
again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock  
thereof die in the ground ;

*Yet* through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs  
like a plant.

But man dieth, and wasteth away : yea, man giveth up the  
ghost, and where *is* he ?

*As* the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and  
drieth up ;

So man lieth down, and riseth not : till the heavens *be* no more,  
they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

Oh that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest  
keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint  
me a set time, and remember me !

If a man die, shall he live *again* ? all the days of my appointed  
time will I wait, till my change come.

PSALM XC, 1-12.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou *art* God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight *are but* as yesterday when it is past, and *as* a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are *as* a sleep : in the morning *they are* like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret *sins* in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath : we spend our years as a tale *that is told*.

The days of our years *are* three score years and ten ; and if by reason of strength *they* be four score years, yet *is* their strength labour and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger ? even according to thy fear, *so is* thy wrath.

So teach *us* to number our days, that we may apply *our* hearts unto wisdom.

I THESSALONIANS IV, 13-18.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive *and* remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout,

with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first :

Then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

REVELATION XIV, 13.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed *are* the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.

I CORINTHIANS XV, 50-58.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery ; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where *is* thy sting ? O grave, where *is* thy victory ?

The sting of death *is* sin ; and the strength of sin *is* the law.

But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Text of address at the church :

PHIL. I, 21. To die is gain.

At the grave :

JOHN XI. Jesus at the grave of Lazarus.





A COLLECTION OF PUBLISHED RESOLUTIONS,  
SKETCHES, AND NOTICES.

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From the REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN ADVOCATE, Philadelphia,  
October, 1884.

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IN MEMORIAM.

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DIED, at his late residence in Cincinnati, MR. PETER GIBSON, in the eighty-second year of his age, on July 26th, 1884.

It is our sad duty to record the above announcement. The subject of this notice was born in Pentland, near Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 20th day of October, 1802. He was the son of pious parents, and, with his brothers and sisters, was trained in the fear of the Lord, in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation in Edinburgh, of which the Rev. William Goold was pastor. His youthful years were spent in his early home and in the city of Edinburgh, where he learned his trade. In the year 1826 he was married to a worthy young lady, Miss Martha Balden. In

1831 he came to this country, and spent his first year in the city of New York; in 1832 he came to the city of Cincinnati—by the advice of an elder brother, who had come to this country some years before him—and from that time he made this city his home. Here he began business for himself, and by earnest work, and personal attention to his business, he prospered until he was counted among the wealthy men of Cincinnati. In 1854 he retired from business, and from that time attended to his private affairs.

Mr. Gibson was a man of fine presence, a great reader, possessed of a naturally vigorous mind so well stored with useful knowledge as to enable him with great fluency to converse on manifold subjects of interest. Mr. Gibson was a religious man, a man of prayer, a lover of the Bible, a devoted Christian. In the support of the gospel he was always liberal, and he loved the house of the Lord, so that his seat was never vacant on the Lord's day, except in case of sickness. Mr. Gibson was a man of benevolence, giving with prudence of his means to assist the deserving needy. A member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland, he retained his connection with her in this country; he attended Dr. McLeod's Church while in New York; he was a member, from the time of his arrival in Cincinnati, of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, and

for many years an elder in it, and clerk of the session at the time of his death, and for a long period before.

In Mr. Gibson's death the church has sustained a great loss. His gifts to the church increased in value, until his final ones became the greatest of them all; for, as an evidence of his regard for his pastor, the church, and the cause of Christ, he donated a house and lot in a choice street, valued at over \$9,000, for a parsonage, while in his will he has devised other moneyed gifts for the support of the cause.

Throughout the past winter and spring Mr. Gibson's health was giving way; but his last sickness was of comparatively short duration. It was hoped he would rally, as he had often done before; but the Master called him, and he answered the summons calmly and hopefully, and went up higher, his personal religion having found its issues in the perfection of the sanctuary above. Mr. Gibson leaves an only son and heir, Mr. William Gibson, his wife having died some five years before, and whose loss he never ceased to feel, and his younger son, John B. Gibson, in June last, which added greatly to his sorrow. His funeral took place on the 29th of July, at the church, which was filled to overflowing. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

A. GIFFORD WYLIE,

Pastor First Reformed Presbyterian Church.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 12, 1884.

From MINUTES OF THE SESSION of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, August 6, 1884.

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## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

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WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in his sovereign wisdom, has been pleased to remove from our midst, by death, Mr. Peter Gibson, the oldest member and elder of this Church and Session, and for many years its clerk, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we bow with humble submission to the Divine will, in the great bereavement to which we, as a church, and as a session, have in the providence of God been thus subjected.

*Resolved*, That we would hereby express our gratitude to God, in having spared his life so long to us, and that when it pleased Him to take him away, it was in a good old age, gathered, as a shock of corn ripe in his season, to the garner above.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. Gibson, the church has sustained the loss of a most valuable member, and this session an intelligent, faithful co-laborer and officer in the work of the church and the cause of Christ.

*Resolved*, That in Mr. Gibson we recognize the man of intelligence, the upright citizen, the consistent and exem-



plary member of the Church of Christ, the enlightened and conscientious advocate of the principles of his religious profession, the liberal supporter of the Gospel, the charitable dispenser of gifts to the deserving needy, and the true Christian.

*Resolved*, That we would hereby express our sympathy with the relatives of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That we feel ourselves admonished by this providence to labor with increased diligence in the work given us to do, and while it is day, and before the night cometh, when no man can work.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, be entered on the minutes of the session, and be sent to *The Reformed Presbyterian Advocate* for publication.

THOS. GIBSON,  
Clerk.

A. GIFFORD WYLIE,  
Moderator.

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From the SCOTTISH-AMERICAN JOURNAL, New York, July 31, 1884.

## DEATH OF A PROMINENT SCOTSMAN.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Mr. Peter Gibson, one of the most respected Scottish residents of Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Gibson had been gradually failing in health for some time, and the recent death of his younger son, John B. Gibson, seemed to hasten on the decline, until on the 26th inst. he peacefully passed away. Mr. Gibson was born at Pentland, near Edinburgh, in 1802, and served his apprenticeship in the plumbing business in the Scottish metropolis. He wrought there for some time as a journeyman, and among other jobs done by him was the plumbing work in the west wing of the University. Leaving Edinburgh he went to England for two years, and in 1831 sailed for this country. He found employment in this city in making stove-pipes, and afterwards worked in a chemical factory. Through the aid of an elder brother, who was located in Louisiana, Mr. Gibson was enabled soon afterwards to begin business in Cincinnati. After a hard struggle for four years he accomplished so much that his future success was assured, and he continued his business until 1854, when he practically retired from its

active duties. Mr. Gibson was a most enthusiastic Scot, full of kindness for all, always anxious to do good, and was never happier than when engaged in helping another along life's way. He was an humble but earnest follower of Christ, was long an elder in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and in that capacity was present at several of its Synods. His gifts to that body were frequent and generous, but always thoroughly practical in their purpose. His whole life was one of peculiar beauty, full of examples to all, and his memory will long be reverently cherished by hosts of friends, by whom his death is now sadly regretted.

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From the CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-GAZETTE, July 27, 1884.

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IN MEMORIAM—PETER GIBSON.

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Conspicuous among the old and successful mechanics and manufacturers of Cincinnati, Peter Gibson long has stood. He began his business career in this city under peculiar difficulties. He came a young man without money, friends, or acquaintances. He had learned the plumber's trade in his native land. He came to a young community in which the appliances pertaining to

his business were not regarded, as now, as indispensable for health, comfort, and convenience. To begin, a pioneer in his business, without capital or influence, without ready access to sources of supply of material and machinery for his calling, and compelled to educate the public mind up to the point of appreciating the necessity for his work, demanded for his success faculties and characteristics of the highest order, and found evenly combined only in rare individuals. But, with his trade well learned, a mind marked by strong intelligence and great activity, a body strengthened and toughened by careful living and correct habits and weakened by no vices, by patience, perseverance, and invincible energy, he gradually overcame every obstacle and achieved the highest round of commercial and social success. His history forms another illustrious example of the benefits which may be derived from the faithful following of industrial pursuits.

Peter Gibson was born at Pentland, four miles south of Edinburgh, Scotland, October 20th, 1802. His parents, William and Mary Gibson, were very highly respected in their community. The family consisted of nine children. With but a small income out of which to feed, clothe, and educate so many, the parents were not able to provide such opportunities for their children, as their love and ambition prompted; nevertheless,



the mother's extraordinary thrift and industry enabled them to make a far more respectable appearance than would otherwise have been possible.

Where there were so many with wants to be supplied, and the resources were so limited, it was necessary that each should begin to shift for himself as soon as he was able. Thus it happened that Peter finished his education in his tenth year. He then commenced the world for himself by engaging to a farmer to tend cattle for six months. For this service he received one pound sterling. Five dollars for six months' work, we venture to say, would not be deemed very liberal remuneration by an eleven-year-old young American of the present day. Young Gibson, however, seems to have been satisfied with such terms as he was able to make, and he must have given satisfaction in his position, for he remained in the same service over six years. Finally leaving that place, he bound himself apprentice for five years to a plumber in the city of Edinburgh.

On entering upon his apprenticeship he resolved, if possible, to lead all the other apprentices in efficiency in six months; and with that power of will, and firmness of purpose which have been such prominent characteristics of his after life, he succeeded. Indeed, at the end of two years he was able to take the place and to do the work of

a journeyman. His employer was a kind-hearted man, who appreciated his ability and efforts, and increased his pay somewhat in proportion to the increased value of his services. This served to encourage him in the course which he had marked out for himself—always to consider his master's interests his own. The good results from such faithful, conscientious application to the duties of his position are further illustrated in the fact that six months before the expiration of his apprenticeship he was offered the foremanship in another establishment similar to the one in which he was engaged. But his employer hearing of the matter entreated him to remain, because at that time he was unable to find any one to fill his place. His employer was just then engaged in fitting up the west wing of Edinburgh College with plumbing appliances, and Mr. Gibson remained with him until he had finished that work. He then accepted the foremanship referred to. This was about the year 1826.

This same period was also made memorable by his marriage to Miss Martha Balden, a very estimable young lady to whom he had paid much attention during nearly the whole period of his apprenticeship, and who was destined with her husband afterward to occupy so prominent a position in the social circles of our own city.

Mr. Gibson retained his new position some two or three

years, when he finally determined to emigrate to the United States, whither an older brother had gone when quite a boy. Being desirous, however, to learn all that could be known in reference to his trade so that he might be fully equipped for his business in the new world, he resolved to go to England to remain two years to get the benefit of a knowledge of any improvements which he might find there. He soon found, however, that he was more capable of imparting instructions to the workmen he met there than they were of instructing him; and so, after completing four large jobs, he determined to depart for the western world, much to the regret of his new employer, who offered every possible inducement for him to remain and commence business on his own account. But his mind was now fully made up and nothing could induce him to change it. Therefore on the first of May, 1831, he set sail for New York, where he landed on the first of June.

It seems that like many others he had come to the new world with but vague ideas of the conditions and circumstances he should find here. His feelings may be imagined when he reached the land of promise, and found no waterworks, no plumbers, and no work in his line at all. With a wife and two children dependent upon him, and none to counsel him in his perplexity, or to assist him in his straightened circumstances, it is no wonder that he thought regret-

fully of the offers he had rejected in Scotland and England. He was confident that there he could have acquired large property ; but now he finds himself destitute and without opportunity on account of his own folly. His mental sufferings were great. Of this period he himself remarked : “ God in his kind providence at last opened a way by which I was enabled to sustain myself and family until I left for Cincinnati in 1832.” Happening one day into the warehouse of a Mr. Brewster on Water street, a large dealer in stoves, one of the clerks asked him if he could make stove-pipe, and advised him to see Mr. Brewster and to take some to make by the piece. He undertook this work, receiving pay for his services at the rate of one-half cent per pound, the regular price being three-fourths of a cent. He went to work in good earnest, and in the course of two weeks was able to earn two dollars per day. In two months’ time he had made all that was required for the fall trade. This occupation thus failing him, he soon after found work in a chemical factory which occupied him until spring.

Having now saved up fifty dollars he determined to return to Scotland. But having a strong desire to see his older brother above referred to, who was at that time practicing medicine in St. Mary’s Parish, Louisiana, he wrote to him, telling him that he and his family were about to return home, and asked him to come and visit them before

they went. His brother replied that he could not visit him in New York, but that he was very anxious to meet him in Cincinnati at a certain date when he expected to be there. In order to meet his brother he was, therefore, compelled to take what was in those days the very long and tedious trip to Cincinnati. He started from New York by stage and traveled by this conveyance until he had crossed the Alleghenies and reached the Ohio River, after which he finished the journey to Cincinnati by boat. Arriving here he put up at the Dennison Hotel, at that time the only hotel in the place except the Pearl Street House, which latter place was used exclusively by the then wealthy and aristocratic people of the city.

Upon his arrival he was much disappointed by not finding his brother here. After waiting for two or three days he began to grow quite gloomy. It was now Sunday morning, and while walking despondently down Main Street he observed two gentlemen coming up the street with four boys carrying their baggage. He looked at them closely, and finally concluded from some peculiarity of the eye-brows of one of them that he must be his brother. He approached him and offered him his hand and said, "How do you do?" "Very well, I thank you," said the stranger; "but, sir, you have the advantage of me." "Why, John," said Peter, "do you not know me?" and John at once replied, "Why, this is Peter." It may well



be believed that the interview was an affecting one which was never forgotten.

Through the earnest solicitations of his brother, who promised to pay his debts and also his return fare to Scotland if he failed, Mr. Gibson was induced to make an effort to start in business in Cincinnati. He returned to New York for his family, and after a very tedious journey of three weeks by river, lake, and canal, they arrived here. His early experience was of the most disheartening character. Before he had time to open his shop, cholera broke out in the city and carried off its victims at a fearful rate, putting a complete stop to almost every kind of business. It was also very destructive in the following years of 1833 and '34. From these statements it easily may be inferred that Mr. Gibson's pecuniary condition was anything but enviable.

At length, however, the tide turned in his favor, and in the fourth year he was able to return all borrowed money, to pay his other debts, and still to have something left.

He found himself compelled to pay such high prices for the pipe which he used in his business that he determined to get a pipe machine and to manufacture his own supplies. By extraordinary exertions he accumulated one thousand dollars for this purpose and bought a machine. Finding it slow business to work the machine by hand, he soon determined to purchase an engine to run it. He now found it possible to turn out sixteen hundred feet of pipe per day

instead of three hundred. By this enlargement of his facilities he was enabled to make pipe not only for his own use, but to supply Ohio and all the surrounding states, his trade reaching even so far as New Orleans. The plumbing trade in this section was of course then but in its infancy. It grew with the growth and development of the country, and Mr. Gibson was prospered in proportion to its expansion. Thus it was, that after a residence of twenty-two years in Cincinnati, Mr. Gibson was able to retire from active business. Since that time he has given attention only to his private affairs.

Mr. Gibson erected quite a number of substantial buildings, which remain to ornament the city of his adoption. The most prominent of these is, of course, the well-known Gibson House, which was named for him.

It has been but a few weeks since his younger son, John B. Gibson, passed away suddenly. During the few brief days which intervened between the hour when he was stricken down and his death, his father was too ill to see him, nor was he able to accompany his remains to the grave. This sad affliction coming upon him in his old age, when already enfeebled, seemed to hasten his decline. On July 13th, on returning from church he was taken with the illness from which he never recovered.

Such is a very meager sketch of the outward life and history of Peter Gibson. We may well pause beside his

new-made grave to study more closely the man himself and the distinguishing traits of his character.

We may begin by stating that his parents were conscientious, God-fearing people, and, by their example as well as precepts, they trained their children from their earliest years to walk in the path they themselves trod. In his thirteenth year Mr. Gibson read the Bible through. While a shepherd boy, in the intervals of active attention to the stock under his care, he committed much of the Bible to memory, and up to the time of his death he experienced and exemplified the happy results of this early acquaintance with the word of God. Its promises and admonitions made impressions upon his young mind which were never eradicated, and which as his life, marked by all its varied experiences, led down to old age, ever constituted a guide for his footsteps and a rule for his actions. What benefits would follow to many youths of the present day if they would but imitate the example of young Peter Gibson in this respect!

On leaving the rural districts for the city Mr. Gibson found himself deficient in many matters of education and general information, and he at once resolved to make every exertion to improve himself in these respects. The manner in which he set about this work shows him to have been thoroughly in earnest. He was too poor to afford a fire for his room; therefore, wrapping himself in a blanket and

sitting down by his train-oil lamp, he applied himself with that diligence which always insures success. In a short time he had done much to remedy the defects of his education, and was able to participate with intelligence in conversations and discussions with educated people upon almost all subjects of current or special interest.

Thus it happened that as a citizen he commanded esteem not only for his business capacity and success, but as a man of intellectual standing in the community. With a mind stored with useful information and so trained by habit and experience, and tempered by the gentle and earnest spirit which ruled him, he was always able to wield a potent influence on the side of right and justice and every question affecting the public welfare. A man of straightforward ways, the soul of honor and sincerity in all that he did, of rare simplicity of manners and living, his heart was always enlisted on the right side of every moral question, and open to every demand in the interests of Christ's church and for the Christian cause. To the casual observer he might have been thought devoid of affectional fervor. But those who knew him intimately will testify that his heart was an exhaustless reservoir of tender sympathies, and ever beat responsive to the wants and woes of those in distress. His heart may be described as full of love for his people, his church, and his God, a love which so mellowed and tempered his life that he knew no malice, envy, or



hate ; a love which rendered him ever lenient and kind, and which constrained him to cover with the cloak of charity the imperfections of others, and gave him a warm sympathy in all the sadder scenes of life. For every sorrow he had a tear and for every joy a smile. His chosen examples were good and his aims high.

Diffident and retiring, his joys and delights never found vent in enthusiastic expression, nor did he pour the story of sadness into the ear of any friend. It was at his own hearthstone that he was best known, and there his Christian character shone at its brightest. As a father he was indulgent but discreet ; and as he himself had been trained up in the fear of the Lord, so he failed not to care for the spiritual welfare of those who had been entrusted to him.

His day was full of faith and labor, and the evening of his life glowed with the sweet radiance of God's glory and love. With him of a truth, "To live was Christ, to die was gain." His life was one of peculiar beauty, illustrating at all times the power of the grace of God to cleanse and purify the soul. Humble, confiding as a child, constant in duty, a man of peace, respected and beloved by all—of him it may well be said, "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

Fashioned originally in a mould of the purest type of manhood and perfected by grace, now, in the fullness of his years, he has been called away. We well may weep, but



not for him ; and while affection lays a chaplet on his tomb let it be a fitting one, and let an enduring remembrance of his character remain to comfort and guide those that are left behind.

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,  
And lies down to pleasant dreams,”

He has gone gently to rest, to gather greater beauty at the coming of the Lord.

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From the CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, July 27, 1884.

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### DEATH OF PETER GIBSON.

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ANOTHER OF CINCINNATI'S PIONEERS GONE TO HIS FINAL  
HOME.

“A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might ;  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.”

Mr. Peter Gibson died yesterday morning at eight o'clock, after a lingering illness, at his residence, 139 West Seventh Street. His death was not unexpected, as he had been slowly sinking during the past week.

Mr. Gibson was one of Cincinnati's pioneers, having

lived here continuously for over fifty years. He watched the place grow from a small town into a large city, and contributed not a little to its material prosperity. Of a true Scotch origin, he was of a rugged character, that met obstacles only to surmount them. Starting from a beginning the most humble, he steadily worked his way upwards, keeping pace with the growth of the city, until in a comparatively short time he had accumulated a large fortune. His reputation as a business man has always been of the best, and in his death Cincinnati loses a much-respected citizen. He was public-spirited, and while closely confined by business during his active life, yet he took great interest in public affairs, and did more than his share to improve and build up the city. He has left several lasting monuments to his thrift and industry in different parts of the town.

Peter Gibson was born October 20, 1802, at Pentland, four miles south of Edinburgh, Scotland. During his early life he was a shepherd boy, and afterward learned the trade of a plumber, at which he worked in both Edinburgh and London. In 1831 he determined to follow an elder brother to America, and arrived in New York on the first of June of that year. He was much discouraged at first, and had determined to return to Scotland, when he was persuaded to visit Cincinnati to meet here a brother who was then practicing medicine in New Orleans. At his

brother's request he went to work in this city, contending against many difficulties, all of which he finally surmounted. His skill gave him great reputation as a plumber, and after he was well established he easily accumulated a fortune. In 1845 he began investing his money in real estate, and he has done much to improve Cincinnati. In 1849 he built the Gibson House, remodeling and enlarging it in 1857, and again in 1873. For a number of years he has not been actively engaged in business, having turned over his establishment to his late son, John B. Gibson, and a nephew. He never engaged actively in politics, but nevertheless for two years was a member of the City Council, and for several years a member of the Public School Board.

Out of respect for the deceased the office of the Gibson House has been draped in black.

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From the CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR, July 30, 1884.

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### FUNERAL OF PETER GIBSON.

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The funeral services of Peter Gibson were held yesterday afternoon in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on Plum Street, between Eighth and Ninth. The church was filled, and in the large congregation were many old citizens, friends of the good man who had gone. The Caledonian Society, of which he had long been an honored

member, attended in a body, wearing appropriate mourning badges. The friends congregated at the family residence on West Seventh Street, above Elm, previous to the church service. The body, which had been embalmed was in a casket of solid walnut. There was no service at the house, and the following named pall-bearers carried and accompanied the casket to the hearse: David Gibson, Richard Parks, Robert Knight, Abner L. Frazer, John W. Hartwell, Alex. McDonald, Geo. T. Stedman, David Banning, Hamilton Cummings, and Hugh McCollum, Sr.

Rev. Mr. Wylie, of the church of which Mr. Gibson had been so long a member, opened the services with appropriate Scripture reading, and in his funeral sermon, which followed, paid a high tribute to the sterling worth and Christian character of the deceased. He said he was the oldest elder and member of the church and had been a member for fifty-two years. Prayer was offered by both Rev. Mr. Wylie and Rev. Mr. Morton, of Cedarville.

When the services were concluded the congregation passed around by the pulpit to take a last look at the dead face, and then the cortege wended its way toward Spring Grove.

Several very handsome floral pieces were sent to the house and church. One of them was a beautiful and appropriate emblem, and represented a broken column six feet in height, surmounted by a ship's anchor, pendant,

to which was attached a section of chain, giving a character to the piece novel and expressive. Leaning against the column proper was a ladder, composed wholly of Niphetos roses. The top rung of the ladder was broken; at its foot, on delicate satin ribbon, was lettered "October 20, 1802;" at the top of the ladder, on the same color of ribbon, was lettered "July 26, 1884," thus showing the years intervening between the birth and death of Peter Gibson. Hanging gracefully from the lower dais was a broad ribbon of royal purple, lettered in gold: "FROM GIBSON HOUSE FRIENDS."

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From the CINCINNATI SUN, July 27, 1884.

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PETER GIBSON.

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HIS EARLY STRUGGLES—POVERTY AT THE THRESHOLD OF  
LIFE, AND EASE AS ITS CURTAIN FALLS.

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After a life of usefulness, at the ripe old age of eighty-two, Mr. Peter Gibson was yesterday gathered to his fathers. He was in many respects a remarkable man. His qualities were of the sterling sort; yet withal a vein of kindness and charity coursed through his whole career.



He came from shrewd and energetic Scotch stock, and was born October 20, 1802, at Pentland, a small town four miles south of Edinburgh. He was the eighth of nine children born of William and Mary Gibson, and his childhood was as rough and rugged as his old age was peaceful and crowned with plenty. He was only ten years of age when he left school and became a shepherd boy, and for six years, in the wind and storm, he led the laborious life of a sheep-tender amid the mountain crags of Scotland. The life was not stirring enough for the lad, and he apprenticed himself at the age of sixteen to a plumber at Edinburgh. He applied himself diligently and met with such success that six months before his apprenticeship expired he was offered the foremanship of a rival establishment. But his employer knew his worth and would not let him go. However, when he had completed his apprenticeship he accepted the position and remained in it for three years.

About this time he married Martha Balden, of Edinburgh. An older brother having gone to America some years before and having met with success there, young Gibson got the new-world fever and determined to emigrate. He repaired to London and perfected himself in the specialties of his trade, so that he was a thorough and skilled mechanic. On the first of May, 1831, he, accompanied by his wife and two children, embarked, and

the voyage that is now made in ten days, was made in thirty, New York being reached in June. Prospects at first were not very bright, and Mr. Gibson had a hard struggle to obtain work. He became quite gloomy, but finally he succeeded in earning enough to pay his return passage, which trip he had firmly resolved to take.

His older brother was a physician in New Orleans, and to him he wrote, asking him to come to see him in New York before he started for home. The brother agreed to meet him in Cincinnati, and thither Peter went, crossing the Alleghenies by stage—for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was not then completed—and, coming down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh on a boat, landed at his future home on a Sunday morning. The town was then small, and the Dennison House and the Pearl Street House were the only hostelries. Not finding his brother at once, he began to feel discouraged. But, walking down Main Street, he chanced upon him, and he often described the meeting as one of the happiest days and possibly the turning point in his life. The result was that his brother loaned him money enough to pay his small debts, and, going back for his family, he settled in this city.

For three years he struggled hard. His brother aided him during this period, and in the fourth year he began to prosper, and paid off his indebtedness. From this time his career was onward and upward. He bought

property, guided by the shrewd instinct of the Scot. He enlarged his shop, purchasing a pipe machine and an engine, and manufactured lead pipe extensively. His business extended all over the state and through neighboring states. After 1845 the plumbing business in Cincinnati grew rapidly. He began building, and in 1849 erected the Gibson House, which he enlarged in 1857.

In 1854 Mr. Gibson retired from active business, leaving his plumbing business in charge of his son and a nephew.

Mr. Gibson was a public-spirited man, was two years a member of the City Council, served several terms in the School Board, and held other positions of public trust.

Mr. Gibson was in every sense of the word a Scotchman. He loved old Scotia. Nothing pleased him better than to find one of his old countrymen at his house.

He had great love for the Bible. He knew it almost by heart, and always had an apt quotation from it. He was a consistent member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and about a month since contributed nearly \$10,000 for a parsonage. He was very fond of children, and Mr. Lewis says that one of the most beautiful sights he ever witnessed, was some three weeks since, when he drove down to church with him, to see the little children all rush up to shake his hand and receive his blessing. They all looked upon him as a godfather. In politics he was not officious in forcing his opinion, but at heart an un-

flinching Republican. He possessed a fund of historical knowledge, and during his later years spent much of his time in his library. His wife died six years ago. The loss of his son, John B., about six weeks since, has weighed heavily upon the aged father. He resided on Seventh Street, nearly opposite his family physician, Dr. Clendenin, and but around the corner from the church he loved so well.

One day during the past winter, Mr. Gibson, seeing a number of sparrows out in the snow, and remembering that his wife used to feed them, hastily seized some bread and, going out upon the icy pavement, scattered crumbs around for the little birds. He fell and injured his spine, and never again left the house until a few Sundays ago, when he went to church.

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From the CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-GAZETTE, December 18, 1884.

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## A MEMORIAL CALENDAR.

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The "Calendar" recently issued by "The Thomas Gibson Company," of this city, is tastefully embellished with a photo-lithograph of Edinburgh Castle. This is a graceful tribute to the memory of the late Peter Gibson, who was born in Edinburgh, October 20, 1802, and who learned the trade of plumbing in that city, and, coming to Cincinnati in 1832, in that memorable year became the founder of the company which now thus seeks to honor his memory.

From the age of ten to sixteen years Peter Gibson led the life of a shepherd boy,

"Through pleasant and through stormy weather,"

within sight of those castellated walls. Meanwhile, as his labors were intermitted, he studied the poetry of the stars by night, and his Bible and Burns by day, making of his memory, so well remembered by his surviving friends, a treasure-house of the truths of the one book, and of the pleasant ballads of the other.

The following lines from the author of "The Heart of Midlothian"—himself a native of Edinburgh—many a



time recurred to the departing pioneer when thinking of this vast and wondrous monument to the history of Scotland.

“ Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down ;  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town.”

And it was there that he imbibed his profound religious convictions which made him a life-long Presbyterian. Looking up to that castle—the central feature of Scotch history—he remembered how the pious and munificent monarch, David I., founded the Abbey of Holyrood in the twelfth century ; that soon after came this royal palace, which became the abode of the nobility, and the theatre of the Parliament and various central offices of the monarchy. The oldest of the buildings, occupying the very summit of the rock, is St. Margaret Chapel, an interesting relic, belonging, at latest, to the reign of Queen Margaret, and believed to be the chapel in which the Queen and Malcolm Canmore worshiped. Next to this are the remains of the royal palace, including apartments occupied by the regent, Mary de Guise, and her royal daughter, Queen Mary, and the room in which James VI. of Scotland was born. There is also the “Crown Room,” containing the “Honors of Scotland ;” the Arsenal, capable of holding thirty thousand stands of

arms, and, south of St. Margaret Chapel, is located the huge piece of artillery called “Mons Meg.”

In this castle was imprisoned, and near it was beheaded, May 25, 1661, Archibald Campbell, the celebrated Duke of Argyll. Because his father renounced protestantism the son was placed in possession of the patrimonial estate. The young Duke soon became the leader of Presbyterianism, both in political negotiations and in the field; led an army against the royal troops in 1644, and was defeated by Montrose at Inverlochy; in 1651 placed the crown on the head of Charles II. at Scone; having been alienated from the Republicans by the execution of Charles I., was arrested, tried, condemned, and executed at Edinburgh, dying with great firmness and calmness.

While visiting Scotland some years since Mr. Gibson selected from its quarries the granite that now marks his honored grave in the Cemetery of Spring Grove—granite kindred to that composing the lonely eminence upon which stands Edinburgh Castle.

From the REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN ADVOCATE, Philadelphia,  
October, 1884.

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### A MUNIFICENT GIFT.

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As a memorial of his son, Mr. John B. Gibson, as a testimonial of his personal regard for his pastor, as an evidence of his deep interest in the church of which he is a member and elder, and of his desire to promote the cause of Christ, Mr. Peter Gibson has donated, free from all incumbrance, to the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, a choice, valuable, and eligibly-situated house and lot, to be for a parsonage to said church, and for the use of the pastor, free from rent. Born and brought up in the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland, his native country, he has ever retained an intelligent and conscientious attachment to her principles. For fifty-two years a resident of Cincinnati, and for the same length of time a member of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, and for many years an elder in it, Mr. Gibson has felt, during all this time, a deep interest in the church's welfare, and contributed liberally to her support; and now, in the fullness of his years, and out of the abundance of the means with which God has blessed him, he dispenses his beneficence

in this, as in other ways, to her extension and establishment. May he long continue to live to witness the fruits of his liberality, but especially to enjoy the pleasures and consolations of true religion, as the earnest and foretastes of its purest and enduring joys in the sanctuary above. In this gift, an example is set worthy of imitation throughout the church, a lesson, whose language is to the wealthy of each congregation, "Go thou and do likewise," so that gladness may be brought everywhere to our ministers, and encouragement and help to all our people.

A. GIFFORD WYLIE,  
Pastor.

June 30, 1884.

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The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted at a called meeting of the Board of Trustees of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, held on Monday evening, July 7th, 1884.

WHEREAS, Mr. Peter Gibson, a member and elder of this church, has purchased the house and lot No. 22 Wesley Avenue, in this city, and donated it, without incumbrance and in first-class order, to the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, as a parsonage for said church, and for the use of the pastor, free from rent ; therefore,

*Resolved*, 1st, That we, the Board of Trustees of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, recognize,

in this munificent gift, the great liberality of the donor, Mr. Peter Gibson, and deem it worthy of the highest commendation.

*Resolved*, 2d, That for ourselves personally and as a Board, and in the name and on the behalf of the congregation which we represent, we hereby tender to Mr. Peter Gibson our grateful acknowledgment and hearty thanks for this, his appropriate and valuable gift.

*Resolved*, 3d, That we, as a Board, for ourselves and our successors in office, accept said gift for the purpose and on the terms and conditions indicated by Mr. Gibson.

*Resolved*, 4th, That our hope and prayer is that Mr. Peter Gibson may long be spared to dispense his beneficence, and to witness and to enjoy the fruits of it, and that at last he may receive the gracious reward that is promised: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

*Resolved*, 5th, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be sent to Mr. Peter Gibson, and to *The Reformed Presbyterian Advocate*, for publication.

RICHARD PARK,  
ALEXANDER MACKAY,  
Committee.

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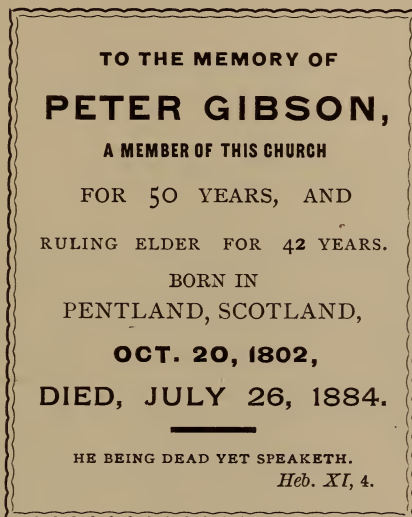
The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted at a called meeting of the members of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, held on Monday evening, July 7, 1884.

We, the members of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, assembled in pursuance of a special call of the Board of Trustees, recognizing the great liberality of Mr. Peter Gibson, a member and elder of this church, in the gift of the valuable house and lot, No. 22 Wesley Avenue, in this city, as a parsonage for the use of the pastor,

*Resolved*, 1st, That we, as members of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, of Cincinnati, hereby tender our hearty thanks to Mr. Peter Gibson for this, his appropriate and valuable gift, and accept the same with the high satisfaction of knowing that the interests of the pastor and the church have thus alike been greatly promoted, and the cause in our hands encouraged and sustained.

*Resolved*, 2d, That a copy of this preamble and these resolutions be sent to Mr. Peter Gibson, and to *The Reformed Presbyterian Advocate* for publication.

RICHARD PARK,  
ALEX. MACPHERSON,  
WM. THOMPSON,  
Committee.



Inscription on marble tablet, erected to the memory of  
PETER GIBSON, in the vestibule of the First Reformed  
Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.





From the REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN ADVOCATE, Philadelphia,  
October, 1884.

## GOWANS UNDER HER FEET.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN THE BOYHOOD OF PETER GIBSON.

The poem printed below was written by Mrs. Thomas Gibson, of Cincinnati, on hearing her husband's uncle, the late Mr. Peter Gibson, proprietor of the Gibson House, of that city, tell the following touching story.

Mr. Gibson was only five years old when his sister, the eldest of the family, became ill at her father's home at Pentland, near Edinburgh. She lingered all through one winter with what finally proved to be consumption. One day a visitor, with kind comforting words, said she would be better when the cold weather would give place to spring so that she could get out of doors again, or, as the visitor said — "You'll be better when the gowans are under your feet." Taking the words according to their literal meaning, young Gibson pondered over them, and, without telling his thoughts to any one, resolved that his sister should have the very first of the healing blossoms. As soon as the season had advanced he went out to the woods, and pulling a lot of the fresh gowans brought them home, and laid them under the feet of his dying sister,

fully expecting that she would recover. He never forgot the incident, and he told it with much pathos only a few months before his death.

The poem first appeared in *The Humane Educator*, of Cincinnati, with an illustration. It was our desire that it should have appeared at an earlier date in the *Advocate*. Its publication now, however, will have an added interest to all concerned, from the sad providence that has removed from time to eternity the beloved elder and father in the church, whose affectionate act is the subject of the thoughtful verses. We may now regard the poem as a literary monument to him whose venerable form shall no more be seen in the church on earth.

#### GOWANS UNDER HER FEET.

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BY FRANCES W. GIBSON.

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In one of bonnie Scotland's homes—  
'Tis many a year ago—  
When through the valleys swept the wind,  
And the hills were clad with snow,  
  
At a window sat a fair young girl,  
And gazed on the landscape bleak;  
Her brow was pale with suffering,  
While the hectic flushed her cheek.  
  
She listened to the wailing wind  
That dreary winter day,



And longed for summer's warmth and light,  
The buds and bloom of May.

The mother watched her darling child,  
With sad and wistful eyes ;  
A bright-faced brother mused the while  
With all a child's surprise.

" Why does my sister sit so still ?  
She sings no longer now ;  
Her eyes are bright, her cheeks are red,  
But sadness clouds her brow.

" My brothers and I are well and strong,  
We scarce stay in the house ;  
And sister's merry laugh I mind,  
When she ran and played with us.

" I know what will make her strong again,  
For I heard a neighbor say :  
' She'll be well with gowans under her feet,  
In the bonnie month of May.'

" So in the fields some gowans I'll get,  
As soon as ever they grow,  
And lay them down beneath her feet ;  
Then she'll get well, I know."

The south wind, with its balmy breath,  
Melted the snow on the hills ;  
And bright and green was the tender grass  
Beside the sparkling rills.

Then day by day the boy was seen,  
Seeking in meadow and dell,  
Down in the grass for the star-like flowers  
That would make his sister well.

At length, one bright and sunny day,  
His cap brimming o'er with bloom,  
His face aglow with happiness,  
He flew to the sick girl's room.

Her fair head pillowed against her chair,  
On her lips a smile so sweet ;  
With wonder she watched the eager hands  
Place the flowers beneath her feet.

Though never again those tired young feet  
Life's path shall travel o'er,  
Nor ever spring's sweet influence  
Her blighted bloom restore ;

Though nevermore, 'neath her footfall light,  
The gowans fair shall rise ;  
She's well—for flowers are under her feet  
In the fields of Paradise.

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*Mrs. Peter Gibson.*

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In Memoriam.

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Martha Gibson.

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Dedicated to Her Sons, William and John,

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FATHER,

PETER GIBSON.

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MISS MARTHA BALDEN,

BORN, APRIL 3D, 1802, AT GIFFORD, SCOTLAND.

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MRS. MARTHA GIBSON,

DIED, MAY 13, 1878, AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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MY DEAR SONS:

As the memory of the just, in every age, hath been blessed, it is my heartfelt desire to keep you in remembrance of one who lightened the burdens of my active life, and watched over you from birth to manhood—*your Mother*—the best mother that God ever gave to children. To this end then do I unite these simple mementoes and tributes, inspired and gathered together soon after her almost sudden death, that they may serve to keep her memory green in your hearts, as coming from one who soon will join her—*your Father*.

I met her, who has left me a mourning husband, in Edinburgh, in 1822. Five years later we were married, and, in 1831, we left our native land to seek a home across

the sea. On June 1st, of that year, we reached the country of our adoption; America, and, after residing a year in New York, we started for the city of Cincinnati.

For over fifty-one years she hath been the best of wives. I can truly say she was a helpmate, an adviser, and a companion in all my undertakings. There was never a smile on my lips; but hers were aglow, or a tear in my eye but she chased it away. Her good counsel assisted me in all my undertakings; her cheerfulness drove my dull cares away, and her tender love was the sunshine that chased away shadow. When discouraged, her pleadings strengthened me, and brought me to submission to the will of my heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

She never murmured, even in the days of our early struggles in a strange land; never once said, "Why did you bring me here from my comfortable home across the sea, to the misery of this new country?" Ah, my sons, you have shared the love of the most devoted of mothers. From birth to the prime of your manhood, and even to her last days on earth, was she anxious for your happiness. Oh, let the dew of her love and her image be still

"The deepest impressed on your hearts;  
And the tablet so faithful, in death must be chill  
Ere a line of her image departs."

Remember the willingness with which she ever supplied your wants, and her watchful face at your bedside,



when you said your evening prayers; her comforting words, when you were ill; her vigil-keeping through the long, weary night of pain; her words of cheer, her parting kiss, when you were to go a brief journey; the anxiety with which she watched your return. Ye were her jewels!—her idols! Keep her pure life, her maternal teachings, her wifely devotion, her untiring industry, her generous charity, and her Christian conduct as a follower of the Saviour, before you as an example, and you will one day meet her we mourn on earth in the court of Heaven.

As I write, recollection turns backward to the days of our cruel war. How keenly was her sympathy aroused and her patriotism stirred, for the land of her adoption. Day and night she labored to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded; on bended knee, with her own child-like hands, and courageous spirit, did she bathe and bind the bloody wounds, cheer the friendless, and encourage the weak. She would visit the hospitals, taking on her arm basketful after basketful of delicacies, such as hospitals seldom provide for the sick. She had twelve women engaged, at the Gibson House, picking lint. Her charity at that dark period was boundless. “Ah, Peter,” she would say to me, “will they destroy the Union?” Brave woman! Loving wife! Tender mother! Devoted Christian! Faithful friend!—All these thou wert in one.

## LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

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Numerous, indeed, were the letters of condolence that flowed in upon me at the time of her demise; and, not least among the many, came one from the Rev. Dr. Wylie, of Philadelphia, who, in a lengthy and sympathetic epistle, thus eulogizes my beloved wife:

“MY DEAR FRIEND: It is with sadness I received the information of the death of your beloved wife, my own dear, kind friend. At once my memory took me back to the pleasant days I spent in your delightful home, when I was in the commencement of my course as a preacher of the Gospel, now nearly thirty-five years ago. How kind, cheerful, and bright she was, fulfilling so well her work as a wife and mother, and doing so much to make the stranger feel he was at home. Your sons were little children then; but the careful training they received at her hands gave the promise of a good future which has not disappointed you. The links which formed the chain are broken. They will be re-united in the better world above. It is but a little while when you, too, shall be called away; and the joy of heaven itself will be great when you shall meet your loved one.

T. W. J. WYLIE, D.D.”

Another Christian minister writes me :

“ MT. PLEASANT, WESTMORELAND CO., PA., }  
September 17, 1878. }

“ *Peter Gibson, Esq.:*

“ DEAR SIR—I have just read in the September number of the *Reformed Presbyterian Advocate* of the death of dear Mrs. Gibson. I so often enjoyed her generous hospitality in your house in days of other years, that my heart prompts me to extend to you and your bereaved sons my sincerest sympathy, and to commend you and them to our covenant, ‘God and the Word of His Grace,’ for those consolations which are neither few nor small. They are all-sufficient, and always needed, and just now suited to your case.

“It were easy to call a thousand witnesses, who are still on earth, and a multitude who preceded her to heaven, to testify of her kindly, gracious, Christian qualities and conduct. Her record is on high. Death is the last ordinance that God administers to his children, and she has received the ‘extreme unction’ at the hands of the Saviour Himself. It will not be long until you will join her in ‘the upper sanctuary, at the marriage supper of the Lamb.’

“‘For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the

Lord, that we which are alive *and* remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive *and* remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words,'—I Thess. iv, 14-18.

“ ‘Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.’—I John III, 2-3.

“Very truly and always, in the liberty and love of Christ, yours,  
JOHN McMILLAN, D. D.”

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The Rev. James Y. Boice, in the *Reformed Presbyterian Advocate*, June, 1878:

“The beloved wife of Peter Gibson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, fell asleep in Jesus, on Monday, May 13, 1878. The announcement of her death comes to us with startling suddenness, no intimation of her illness having reached us. Mr. Gibson and family have our sincere sympathy in their

great affliction. In the death of this excellent Christian woman, we feel that we have been personally bereaved. The early years of our ministry were rendered happy by her words and deeds of kindness; and now that she has passed away, her name and memory are fragrant. The entire church suffers by the death of Mrs. Gibson. 'The interests of our 'Zion' occupied a high place in her affections. Nothing gave her truer joy than the hour of the prosperity of Christ's kingdom, especially as represented by the church of which she was a devoted member. Her affection for her family and kindred was of the Scotch kind. She never entirely recovered from the stroke she received in the death of her beloved granddaughter, Miss Lizzie Gibson, of precious memory. Her sons—they were her jewels. These sons will cherish her memory, imitate her example, and trust in her Saviour. Best of all, she walked with God, and now is not found here, for He took her up higher. It is no earthly voice that has said, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' We lay this simple tribute of respect upon her grave."

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From J. C. Chapman, *Moderator*:

"Mrs. Peter Gibson, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, died at half-past eleven o'clock, Monday night, May



13, 1878, at the residence of her husband, 139 West Seventh street, Cincinnati.

“ Deceased was born in Scotland, April 3, 1802. She met him whom she has left a mourning husband, in Edinburgh, in 1822; five years later they were married. in 1831, they sailed from Glasgow, in quest of a new home, far across the sea. On June 1, they walked the landing of a foreign shore. The first year was spent in New York, where they landed, and then they came to Cincinnati. Here the deceased lived a life of usefulness and amiability. She was an affectionate and frugal wife, a devoted mother, and a sincere friend. She was of a truly benevolent disposition, and always willing to lend a helping hand to the needy. Her tenderness and care were much exhibited at the time of the war. From officer to private she distributed her whole-souled kindness, and the many letters which she has received, now speak in tones of gratitude to her memory; for many, who were the objects of Mrs. Gibson’s liberality and kind sympathy sent back letters to her after they had departed, expressing their thankfulness. None approached her but to meet kindness.

“ Mrs. Gibson was a devoted member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. In former years her house was always made the home of ministers, and, no doubt, she

now joins in the song of the Lamb with the immortal spirits of many; yea, most of her Master's servants she entertained in her home in the years that are past. Many of the doctors of divinity, whose names are familiar to our church, have shared in the fruits of her kindness; but they shall never more together grace the Church below.

“Since the recent death of her grand-daughter, Mrs. Gibson has kept very closely at home. For some time after the death of that child she was quite unwell. During the latter months of her life she enjoyed comparatively good health. Her final illness began about four days before her death. The first symptoms appeared while she was watching at the window, in the evening, for her son.

“She leaves two sons to mourn her loss, who with her bereaved husband, feel her death very deeply. We join in sympathy with many others for Mr. Gibson and family in their affliction. They mourn because of their loss. They are assured that the change is for her gain. ‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’ ‘Them that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him.’

J. C. C.”

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## RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

“At a late meeting of the session of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, action was taken upon the bereavement of Mr. Peter Gibson, and the following resolutions were framed :

“WHEREAS, Mr. Peter Gibson has been for many years, and is still, an esteemed member of the session of this church ; and,

“WHEREAS, God, in his providence, has greatly bereaved him in the death of his wife, a woman whose death recalls the sweet and lasting memories of her life, both as she lived to her husband and children, and as she lived to her friends ;

“*Resolved*, That we cherish, with fond recollections, the memory of the esteemed mother whom God at this time hath been pleased to call home.

“*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with our bereaved brother in his affliction, and bow with him in submission to the justice and goodness of God's chastisement, and receive all for good as imposed by the hand of Him who doeth all things well according to the pleasure of His will.

“*Resolved*, That as we are again vividly warned of the uncertainty of life, we will have our peace made with

God, and live and act as servants waiting for the coming of our Master.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *Reformed Presbyterian Advocate* for publication.

J. C. CHAPMAN, *Moderator*.”

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## PUBLISHED TRIBUTES.

Various were the tributes paid to her memory by the press of the city, all of which served to show her worthiness.

From the CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, May 15, 1878.

### A PIONEER MOTHER GONE.

“At half-past eleven o'clock, on Monday night last, one of the oldest and best beloved of the pioneer mothers of Cincinnati passed to her long reward.

Mrs. Martha Gibson, wife of Mr. Peter Gibson, was born April 3, 1802, at Gifford, in the east of Scotland. In 1822 she met Peter Gibson in Edinburgh. The two became engaged. Five years later they were married. In 1831, they sailed for America, landing in New York,

June 1. They lived there for one year, and then came to Cincinnati.

“They had three children: a daughter, born in New York, and dying while an infant, and John B. and William Gibson, who survive. The deceased lady has lived a life of duty and charity, being an affectionate and frugal wife and devoted mother, while among the sick and the poor her name was a household word. Since the recent death of her grand-daughter she has been very retiring, and has kept closely to her home. The first symptom of illness appeared only last Thursday, when, while watching at the window for her son John, whose return was expected, she was taken ill, went to bed, and suffered greatly until the end came. She will be buried on Thursday, at one o'clock, under an agreement with her husband that the survivor should keep the first to die until there was no longer any lingering doubt as to death, both having a horror of premature burial. Mr. Gibson, who was never absent from his wife until last summer (when he was persuaded to go to Saratoga for his health, and where he nearly died, to use his own words,) is shattered by the blow. He wept bitterly while giving the above facts to our reporter, and added: ‘I never knew how much she filled of my world until she died; now the house is all



empty.' His grief was touching to the last degree, and largely shared by her sons.

"Mrs. Gibson was a devoted member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

"Such is the brief life record of one of those pioneer mothers whose history is that of the city, and whose virtues and example go far toward leaving to the community a heritage more priceless than monuments of marble or of bronze."

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From Another Journal.

"In the death of Mrs. Martha Gibson, our residents have sustained a severe loss, and the poor, a sympathizing and charitable friend. A native of Haddington, Scotland, she came to this city with her husband in 1832, and passed a life abounding in good works and untiring industry. Her whole-souled kindness will be long remembered by the needy and afflicted."

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From the CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR, May 15, 1878.

“The sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Martha Gibson, wife of Peter Gibson, will cause many a heart to sorrow in the midst of all the gayety of this festival time. She was a model of womanhood, a devoted wife and mother, a staunch friend, and an embodiment of all that was good and charitable. Mrs. Gibson was born in Haddington, Scotland, and came to Cincinnati with her husband in 1832. Here their united efforts brought them the happiness of life, the esteem of friends, and a wide-spread influence—that was never exerted but for good—and wealth, the reward of their untiring industry. For many years Mrs. Gibson enjoyed, with her husband, the rest and pleasure that befit old age. At her death she had passed the 76th year of her age, a time she had used in spreading the kindness of nature where it could brighten the lives of the suffering and worthy poor. No one approached her but to meet kindness, and if assistance was needed, she gave liberally. When her husband was active in the management of the ‘Gibson House,’ she was ever at his side to fulfill the best of woman’s work. That was the time when love for her adopted country led her to lighten the burden of many a scar-worn veteran, by

giving him kindly sympathy and substantial tokens in the way of money and food. From officer to private she distributed freely from her whole-souled kindness, and there was scarce a soldier who left the 'Gibson House,' without a motherly farewell and 'God bless you.' She was a devoted member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Two sons, John B., of the 'Gibson House,' and William, together with their venerable father, survive her. In her life she was loved by all; in her death she will be mourned by all."

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From the WOODFORD SUN, May 31, 1878.

"One by one love's links are broken;  
One by one our friends depart;  
Voices that have kindly spoken,  
Hearts that throbbed to kindred hearts.

"Gentle tones with ours that blended  
At the holy hour of prayer;  
Lips from which *Te Deum* ascended:  
We ask for these, and find them—where?"

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## MEMORIAL OF MRS. MARY GIBSON.

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Permit me, here, my dear sons, to add the Memorial of my own beloved mother, who in your youth watched for hours your returning home from school, greeting you in the kindness of her heart, with — “Come awa’, my bonny bairns.” How often have these kind words filled my heart even unto this day.

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“DIED, July 12, 1846, at the residence of her son, a few miles north of St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. MARY GIBSON, a native of Scotland, in the 86th year of her age.

“The demise of this pious old lady deserves more than a passing notice ; but as little else is permitted in an obituary, we would merely present a few points of her christian character. She was trained by praying parents ; and, guided from infancy by their instructions, gave herself in covenant relation to God at an early period of life. In her 25th year, it pleased her Heavenly Father to lay his afflicting hand heavily upon her by the removal of her first-

born, by death ; and such was the anguish occasioned by this event, that through wrestling prayer alone was she enabled to submit humbly to his will, who afflicteth not willingly nor grieveth the children of men. At this time, too, she professed to have obtained an assurance of God's love, and of her adoption into his family ; and, during her subsequent life, both in physical and mental suffering, she experienced the truth of the promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' She mourned the loss of a pious and affectionate husband, together with six sons and daughters, taken from her at various ages, from infancy to mature years. Yet she ever found Him faithful, who had promised to be a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

“The deceased was, in her native country, a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Her earthly pastors spoke of her as an ornament to their society. To all schemes of a benevolent character, especially to those whose object was the extension of Christ's kingdom, she contributed willingly, as God had given her. She sighed over the sufferings of the unfortunate and the poor, and, so far as she could, relieved their wants or mitigated their pain. As year after year brought her nearer to the close of life, so was her walk closer and closer with God, and her faith in His promises unfaltering. A few days before her death, she was recounting to a friend many of the



privileges and blessings bestowed upon her through life, so unmerited on her part. 'Oh,' said she, 'how merciful God has been in supplying my earthly wants; my cup, indeed, overflows; and now that the earthly house of this tabernacle will soon be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thanks to His holy name, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.' She now sweetly sleeps in her bed of rest. She looked on the grave in the assurance of a blessed immortality, and doubted not that she should see the King in His beauty, and be re-united to her loved and departed ones, whose faith in the Saviour left no reason to doubt their being with Him, beholding His glory. She came from a land of Gospel light, and her remains are the first to occupy a beautiful burial place, near a Christian church, in a western forest. Her memory is gratefully cherished by those who, a few months ago, were strangers to her. Truly, there is a union between all the members of Christ's body, and a union of each to Him, as the Living Head."

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And now, my sons, my humble tribute draws to a close, because, to do justice to the memory of your saint-like mother, would require an abler pen than mine. As I release these few imprisoned thoughts, which are steeped

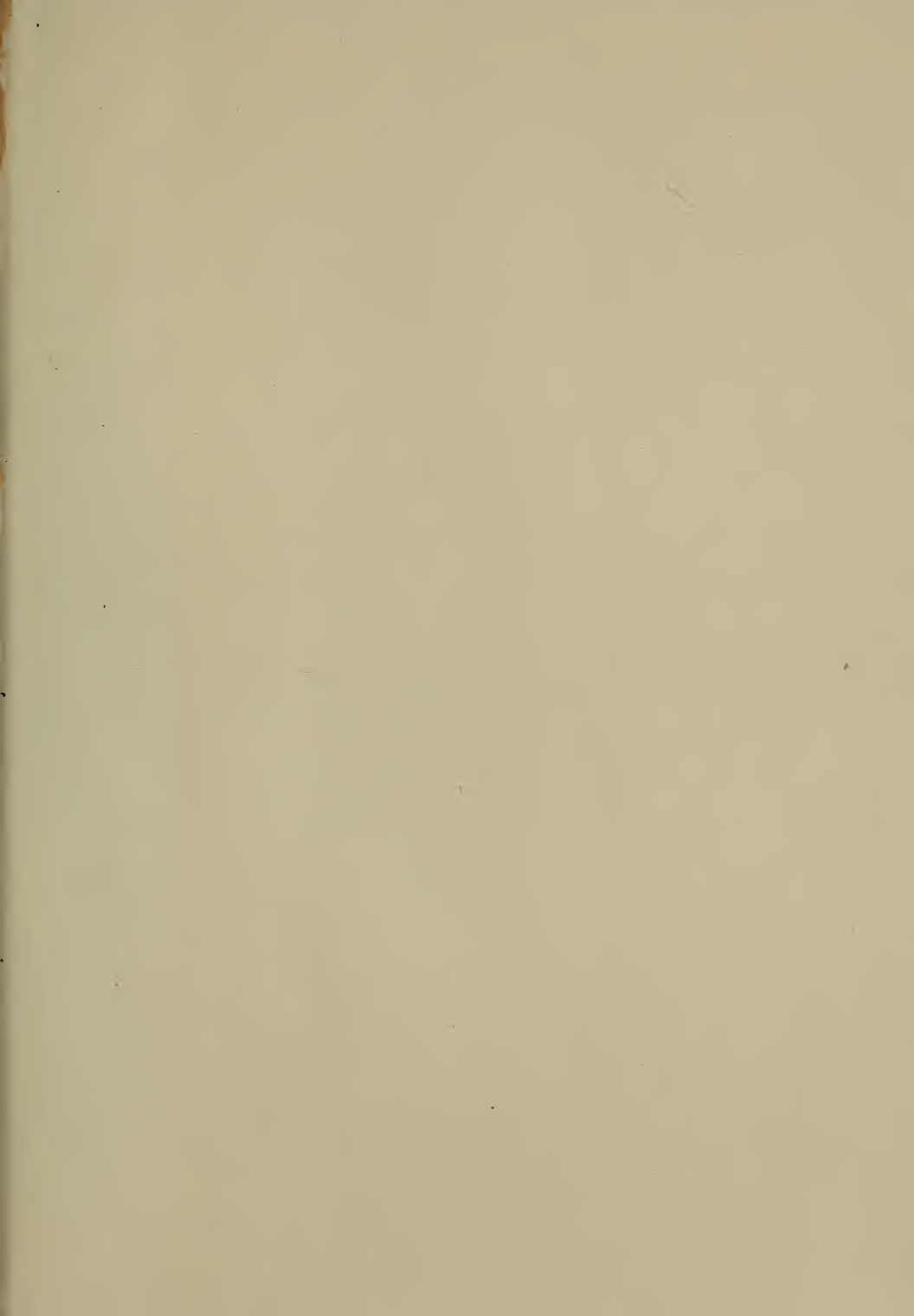
in tears, the recollections of my own departed mother are as vivid in my mind as though it were yesterday she died. Heaven spared her to me until her eighty-sixth year, when she bade adieu to earth, and joined the loved ones gone before. Verily, I shared the love of as good a mother as ever lived. Her counsel and advice were not lost on my youthful heart; and if, in my career as a man and a Christian, there is aught to claim commendation, I say it was my mother,—thank her. So, my children, may the memory of both guide you in the paths of honor and of faith in Christ. For we are assured that “Them that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him.”

Now, my dear sons, may the God of your fathers, and the God of your mothers, be your God, in Christ Jesus, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate father,

PETER GIBSON.

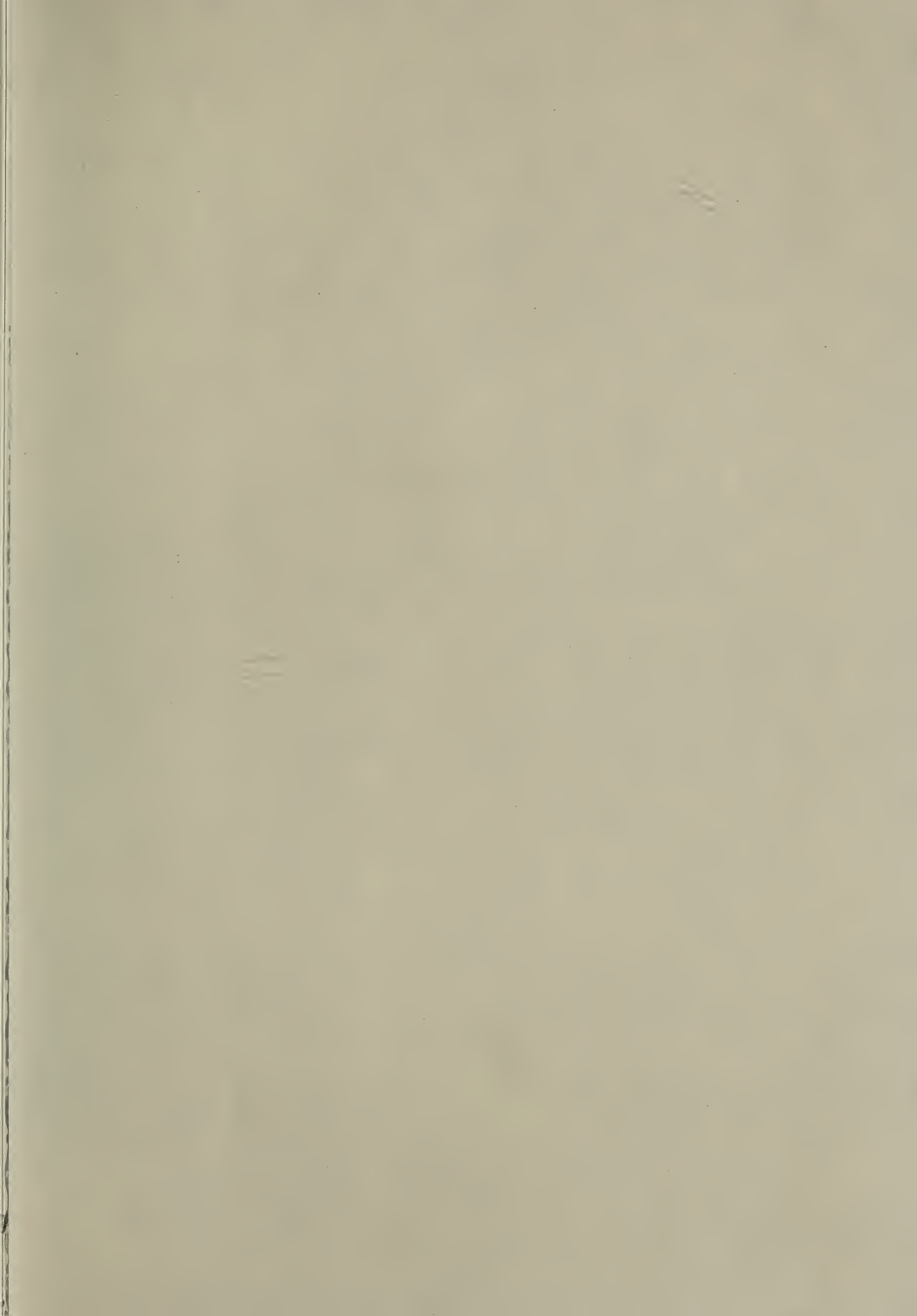
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